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G R A Y's

P O E M S.

A

G R A V E



P O E M S

BY

Mr. G R A Y. *K*

A NEW EDITION.



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall Mall,
M D C C L X X.



O D E

ON THE

S P R I N G.

B





O D E.

LO ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair VENUS' train appear,

Disclose the long-expecting flowers,

And wake the purple year !

The Attic warbler pours her throat,

Responsive to the cuckow's note,

The untaught harmony of spring :
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade ;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade ^,

— a bank
O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine.

Shakesp. Midj. Night's Dream.

Beside

Beside some water's rushy brink

With me the Muse shall sit, and think

(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)

How vain the ardour of the Crowd,

How low, how little are the Proud,

How indigent the Great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care :

The panting herds repose :

Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air

The busy murmur glows !

The insect youth are on the wing,

Eager to taste the honied spring,

And float amid the liquid noon ^b:

Some lightly o'er the current skim,

Some shew their gayly-gilded trim

Quick-glancing to the sun ^c.

To Contemplation's sober eye ^d

Such is the race of Man:

And they that creep, and they that fly,

Shall end where they began.

^b "Nare per æftatem liquidam—"

Virgil, Georg. lib. iv.

—sporting with quick glance

Shew to the sun their waved coats drop'd with gold.

Milton's Paradise Lost, book vii.

^d While insects from the threshold preach, &c.

M. GREEN, in the Grotto.

Dodley's Miscellanies, Vol. V. p. 161.

Alike

Alike the Busy and the Gay

But flutter thro' life's little day,

In fortune's varying colours drest :

Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,

Or chill'd by age, their airy dance

They leave, in dust to rest,

Methinks I hear in accents low

The sportive kind reply :

Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?

A solitary fly !

Thy Joys no glittering female meets,

No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

No painted plumage to display:

On hasty wings thy youth is flown:

Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—

We frolick, while 'tis May.

O D E

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.



ON THE DEATH OF A
FAVOURITE CAT,

Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

’TWAS on a lofty vase’s side,
Where China’s gayest art had dy’d
The azure flowers, that blow ;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin’d,
Gaz’d on the lake below.

Her

32 ODE ON THE DEATH

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;

The fair round face, the snowy beard,

The velvet of her paws,

Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,

Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,

She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide

Two angel forms were seen to glide,

The Genii of the stream :

Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue

Thro' richest purple to the view

Betray'd a golden gleam.

The

OF A FAVOURITE CAT. 13

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :

A whisker first and then a claw,

With many an ardent wish,

She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize,

What female heart can gold despise ?

What Cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent

Again she stretch'd, again she bent,

Nor knew the gulf between.

(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)

The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,

She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood

She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,

Some speedy aid to send.

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;

Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard,

A Fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceiv'd,

Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,

And be with caution bold.

Not all, that tempts your wand'ring eyes

And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;

Not all, that glisters, gold.

O D E
ON A
DISTANT PROSPECT
OF
E T O N C O L L E G E.

“Ανθεπτος· ίκανη αρρόφασις εις τὸ δυστυχεῖον.

MENANDER.



THAT TAKE A MEDIUM, &c.



O D E

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF

E T O N C O L L E G E.

Y E distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,

Where grateful Science still adores

Her HENRY's * holy Shade ;

* King HENRY the Sixth, Founder of the College.

C

And

18 ODE ON A DISTANT

And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

AH happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
Ah fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. 19

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, ¹ redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?

¹ And bees their honey redolent of spring.

Dryden's *Fable on the Pythag. System.*

The captive linnet which enthrall'd
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murmur'ring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty:
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry:
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. 21

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest ;
The tear forgot, as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively chear of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.
Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.

22 ODE ON A DISTANT

Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train,
Ah, shew them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murth'rous band !
Ah, tell them, they are men !
These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vulturs of the mind,
D disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that sculks behind ;

Or

Or pining Love shall waste their youth,

Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,

That inly gnaws the secret heart,

And Envy wan, and faded Care,

Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,

And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,

Then whirl the wretch from high,

To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,

And grinning Infamy,

The stings of Falshood those shall try,

And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,

That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness* laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A grieſy troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew strains,

* — Madness laughing in his ireful mood.

Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arcite.

Those

PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE. 25

Those in the deeper vitals rage :

Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,

That numbs the soul with icy hand,

And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings : all are men,

Condemn'd alike to groan ;

The tender for another's pain,

Th' unfeeling for his own.

Yet ah ! why should they know their fate !

Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies.

Thought would destroy their paradise.

No more ; where ignorance is bliss,

'Tis folly to be wise.

H Y M N

PROSPECT OF STON COLLEGE

1. The first object of the Society is to

bind all the young people

that go down into the adams and

the gwinnett and the

the old and the young in the state of

the north carolina and the

the old and the young in the state of

the north carolina and the

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the old and the young in the state of

the old and the young in the state of

H Y M N
TO
A D V E R S I T Y.

— Ζῆνα

Τὸν φροντῖν βροτὸν ὁδῶ-
στιλα, τῷ πάθει μαθὼν
Θίνεια κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCHYLUS, in Agamemnone.

Z M Y H

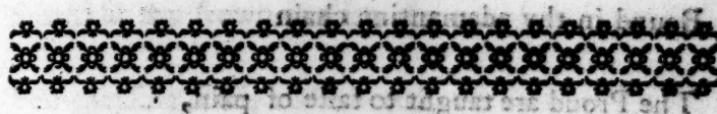
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УНИВЕРСИТЕТ

2



H Y M N

TO

A D V E R S I T Y.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,

Thou tamer of the human breast,

Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour,

The Bad affright, afflict the Best!

Class

Bound

30 HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

Bound in thy adamantine chain,

The Proud are taught to taste of pain,

And purple Tyrants vainly groan

With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth

Virtue, his darling Child, design'd,

To thee he gave the heav'ly Birth,

And bade to form her infant mind.

Stern rugged Nurse, thy rigid lore

With patience many a year she bore;

What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,

And from her own she learn'd to melt at others woe,

Scar'd

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

33

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

Still

Still on thy solemn steps attend: *awell yea in Mind*
Warm Charity, the gen'ral Friend, *not so easily to be*
With Justice to herself severe, *nowe judgment nowe*
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear. *but A*
Oh, gently on thy Suppliant's head, *for remiss on I*
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand! *it thin wi*
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad, *it was way vident wi*
Nor circled with the vengeful Band
(As by the Impious thou art seen) *g. e. id. no. 100. vii*
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien, *nowe*
With screaming Horror's funeral cry, *ledenshahli. beA*
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty. *nowe*

1112

Thy

HYMN TO ADVERSITY. 33

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,

Thy milder influence impart,

Thy philosophic Train be there

To soften, not to wound my heart.

The gen'rous spark extinct revive.

Teach me to love and to forgive,

Exact my own defects to scan,

What others are, to feel, and know myself a Man.

D

THE

THE
PROGRESS of POESY.
A PINDARIC ODE,

Φωνὴς συνθέσις· οὐ
Δι τὸ στᾶς ἐργανίνης χαλίξει.

PINDAR, Olymp. II.



ADVERTISEMENT.

When the Author first published this and the fol-

lowing Ode, he was advised, even by his Friends,
to subjoin some few explanatory Notes ; but had
too much respect for the understanding of his
Readers to take that liberty.



THE
PROGRESS of POESY.
A PINDARIC ODE

I. I.

A WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take :

The

Awake, my glory : awake, lute and harp.

David's Psalms.

Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments,
Αἰολική μουσική, Ἀιολική χορός, Αἰολίων ανθοις αὐλαῖς. Æolian song,
Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

D 3.

The

38 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

The laughing flowers, that round them blow,

Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along,

Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :

Now rowling down the steep amain,

Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :

The rocks, and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when fwln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

¹ Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul,
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.

² Perching on the scept'red hand

¹ Power of harmony to calm the turbulent fancies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

² This is a weak imitation of some incomparable lines in the same Ode.

40 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'ning of his eye.

I. 3.

¹ Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen.
On Cytherea's day
With antic sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures ;

¹ Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

Now

Now pursuing, now retreating,

Now in circling Troops they meet :

To brisk notes in cadence beating

Glance their many-twinkling feet.

Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :

Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.

With arms sublime, that float upon the air,

In gliding state she wins her easy way :

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move

The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

Μαρμαρυγας Θητει το ποδιν. Θαυμαζει η Θυμη. HOMER. Od. 6.

Δειμπη δ' ιηι πορνυριστος

Πλευρησ φυς ιερωτος.

PHRYNICHUS, apud Athenaeum.

42 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

II. 1.

• Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !
The fond complaint, my Song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse ?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her Spectres wan, and Birds of boding cry.
He gives to range the dreary sky :

To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to Mankind by the same Providence that sends the Day by its cheerful presence to dispel the gloom and terrors of the Night.

'Till

¶ 'Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

¶ In climes beyond the solar¹ road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom²
To cheer the shiv'ring Native's dull abode.

¶ Or seen the Morning's well-appointed Star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar. *Cowley.*

¹ Extensive influence of poetic Genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh Fragments, the Lapland and American songs.]

² "Extra anni solisque vias—" *Virgil.*

"Tutta lontana dal camin del sole." *Petrarch, Canzon 2.*

And

And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage Youth repeat
 In loose numbers wildly sweet
 Their feather-cinctur'd Chiefs, and dusky Loves.
 Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shames
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

* Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields,

* Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering Lab'rinh's creep,
How do your tuneful Echos languish
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic Mountain
Inspiration breath'd around :
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd Fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :

of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Tho. Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this School expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

Till

Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. I.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's * Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To Him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her aweful face : The dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.

* Shakespear.

The

This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear

Richly paift the vernal year :

Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !

This can unlock the gates of Joy ;

Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,

Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second He^u, that rode sublime

Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,

The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.

* He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time :

Milton.

* " — flammantia mœnia mundi."

Lucretius.

The

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

- * The living Throne, the saphire-blaze,
- Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
- He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
- * Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
- Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
- Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
- * Two Coursers of ethereal race,
- * With necks in thunder cloath'd, and long-resounding
pace.

* For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a saphire-stone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. *Exodus i. 20, 26, 28.*

Ὥρθαλμῶν μὲν ἀμερστὸν δίκαιον δ' ἡδεῖσαν αἰσθένη. HOMER. OD.

z Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

* Hast thou cloathed his neck with thunder? Job.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !

Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er

Scatters from her pictur'd urn

^b Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn.

^c But ah ! 'tis heard no more—

Oh ! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit

Wakes thee now ? tho' he inherit

^b Words, that weep, and tears, that speak.

Cowley.

^c We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day : for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgement, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed of late days has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his Choruses,—above all in the last of *Caractacus*,

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread ? &c.

E

Nor

50 THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,

⁴ That the Theban Eagle bear

Sailing with supreme dominion

Thro' the azure deep of air :

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run

Such Forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray

With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun :

Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way

Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,

Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

⁴ Διὸς ἡρῷος ἔρνης Σεῖον. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

THE

B A R D.

A PINDARIC ODE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that EDWARD THE FIRST, when he compleated the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.



THE

B A R D.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. I.

‘ R UIN seize thee, ruthless King !

‘ Confusion on thy banners wait,
‘ Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing
‘ They mock the air with idle state.

‘ Mocking the air with colours idly spread.

Shakespeare’s King John.

E 3

‘ Helm,

‘ Helm, nor ^f Hauberk’s twisted mail,

‘ Nor e’en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail

‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,

‘ From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears ! ’

Such were the sounds, that o’er the ^g crested pride

Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay,

As down the steep of ^h Snowdon’s shaggy side

He wound with toilsome march his long array.

Stout

^f The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

^g — The crested adder’s pride.

Dryden’s Indian Queen.

^h Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welsh themselves call *Craigian-eryri* : it included all

Stout ¹ Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance :

To arms ! cried ² Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring
[lance.

all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway built by King Edward the first, says, “ Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum “ montis Ery ;” and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283,) “ Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniae fecit erigi castrum “ forte.”

¹ Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

² Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were *Lords-Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the fable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
(¹ Loose his beard, and hoary hair
■ Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

¹ The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphaël, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel: there are two of these paintings (both believed original), one at Florence, the other at Paris.

■ Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.

Milton's Paradise Lost.

‘ Hark,

‘ Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
‘ Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath !
‘ O’er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,
‘ Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
‘ Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day,
‘ To high-born Hoel’s harp, or soft Llewellyn’s lay.

I. 3.

‘ Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
‘ That hush’d the stormy main :
‘ Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
‘ Mountains, ye mourn in vain
‘ Modred, whose magic song
‘ Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top’d head.

‘ On

“ On dreary Arvon’s shore they lie,
Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale :
Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens sail ;
The famish’d ^o Eagle screams, and passes by.

“ The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

^o Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welch *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *the eagle’s nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify : it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. [See Willoughby’s Ornithol. published by Ray.]

“ Dear

‘ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
‘ P Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
‘ Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
‘ Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries—
‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep.
‘ On yonder cliffs, a griefly band,
‘ I see them sit, they linger yet,
‘ Avengers of their native land :
‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
‘ And ^q weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.’

¶ As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
That visit my sad heart—

Shakesp. *Jul. Cesar.*

* See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.

II. I.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,

“ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.

“ Give ample room, and verge enough

“ The characters of hell to trace.

“ Mark the year, and mark the night,

“ When Severn shall re-echo with affright

“ The shrieks of death, thro’ Berkley’s roofs that ring;

“ Shrieks of an agonizing King !

Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-Castle.

“ She-Wolf

“ She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
“ That tear’d the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
“ From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
“ The scourge of Heav’n. What Terrors round him wait !
“ Amazement in his van, with Flight combin’d ;
“ And Sorrow’s faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

“ Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
“ Low on his funeral couch he lies !
“ No pitying heart, no eye, afford
“ A tear to grace his obsequies.

* Isabel of France, Edward the Second’s adulterous Queen.

† Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

‡ Death of that King, abandoned by his Children, and even robbed in his last moments by his Courtiers and his Mistresses.

“ Is

“ Is the sable* Warriour fled ?

“ Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.

“ The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?

“ Gone to salute the rising Morn.

“ Fair x laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,

“ While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

“ In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes ;

“ Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;

“ Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,

“ That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

* Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his Father.

z Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary Writers.

II. 3.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl.

“ The rich repast prepare,

“ Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast :

“ Close by the regal chair.

“ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl.

“ A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.

* Richard the Second (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate Lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older Writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

“ Heard

" Heard ye the din of ² battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse !
 " Long Years of havock urge their destin'd course,
 " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye Towers of Julius³, London's lasting shame,
 " With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
 " Revere his ^b Consort's faith, his Father's ^c fame,
 " And spare the meek ^d Usurper's holy head.

² Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

³ Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

^b Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her Husband and her Crown.

^c Henry the Fifth.

^d Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the Crown.

Above

“ Above, below, the* rose of snow,

“ Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread:

“ The bristled ' Boar in infant-gore

“ Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

“ Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,

“ Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

* The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

† The silver Boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

III.

“ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate

“ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)

“ Half of thy heart we consecrate.

“ (The web is wove. The work is done.)”

“ Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn

“ Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn :

“ Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her Lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen, at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

‘ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
‘ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
‘ But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
‘ Descending slow their glitt’ring skirts unroll ?
‘ Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
‘ Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul !
‘ No more our long-lost ^b Arthur we bewail.
‘ All-hail, ⁱ ye genuine Kings, Britannia’s Issue, hail !

^a It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-Land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

ⁱ Both Merlin and Talieffin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island ; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor.

III. 2.

‘ Girt with many a Baron bold
‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
‘ And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
‘ In bearded majesty, appear.
‘ In the midst a Form divine !
‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line ;
‘ Her lion-port^k, her awe-commanding face,
‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin-grace.

^k Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, Ambassador of Poland, says, ‘ And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert Orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartness of her princelie checkes.

‘ What

‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play ;
‘ Hear from the grave, great Talieffin¹, hear ;
‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay,
‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
‘ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many-colour’d wings.

¹ Talieffin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the VIIth Century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

III. 3.

- The verse adorn again
- Fierce War, and faithful Love,
- And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
- In buskin'd measures move
- Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
- With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
- A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
- Gales from blooming Eden bear;
- And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
- That lost in long futurity expire.

• Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

Spenser's Proème to the Fairy Queen.

• Shakespear.

• Milton.

• The succession of Poets after Milton's time.

• Fond

A PINDARIC ODE.

71

‘ Fond impious Man, think’st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the Orb of day ?
‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
‘ Enough for me : With joy I see
‘ The different doom our Fates affign.
‘ Be thine Despair, and scept’red Care;
‘ To triumph, and to die, are mine.’
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain’s height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to endless night.

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4 DE 60

THE
FATAL SISTERS.

A N O D E,

(From the NORSE-TONGUE,)

IN THE

ORCADES of THORMODUS TORFAEUS;
HAFNIÆ, 1697; Folio: and also in
BARTHOLINUS.

VITT ER ORPIT FYRIR VALFALLI, &c.

АНГЛАСТВА

СЛОВА



REGD. AT THE LIBRARY OF THE
BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, NO. 2.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author once had thoughts (in concert with a Friend) of giving *the History of English Poetry*: In the Introduction to it he meant to have produced some specimens of the Style that reigned in ancient times among the neighbouring nations, or those who had subdued the greater part of this Island, and were our Progenitors; the following three Imitations made a part of them. He has long since drop'd his design, especially after he had heard, that it was already in the hands of a Person well qualified to do it justice, both by his taste, and his researches into antiquity.

THE MESSIAH

the divine mission of judgment had been fulfilled. The
spiritual epoch is rapidly going to (1) the
transitory period of transition from the subversive to the
restorative; (2) the period of reconstruction; (3) the
period of transition from the spiritual to the material; (4)
the period of transition from the material to the spiritual.
The epoch of transition is the epoch of the final
restitution of all things. The epoch of transition is the epoch
of the final restoration of all things. The epoch of transition
is the epoch of the final restoration of all things. The epoch
of transition is the epoch of the final restoration of all things.



P R E F A C E.

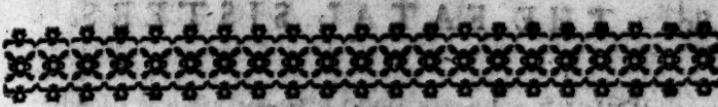
IN the Eleventh Century *Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney-Islands*, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sigtryg with the silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian, King of Dublin*: the Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sigtryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian*, their King, who fell in the action. On Christmas day, (the day of the battle,) a Native of

Caithness

P R E F A C E.

Caitness in Scotland saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful Song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped Six to the North and as many to the South.

THE
SIXTY-THREE



THE
FATAL SISTERS.
AN ODE.

NOW the storm begins to lowr,

(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,

* Iron-sleet of arrowy shower

* Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Note—The *Valkyriur* were female Divinities, Servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*) in the Gothic mythology. Their name signifies *Chasers of the slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or paradise of the Brave; where they attended the banquet, and served the departed Heroes with horns of mead and ale.

* How quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind them shot

Sharp fleet of arrowy shower— Milton's *Paradise Regained*.

* The noise of battle hurtled in the air. Shakespear's *Jul. Caesar*.

Glitt'ring

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a Soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the griesly texture grow,
('Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping Warriour's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a Monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Mijla

Mista black, terrific Maid,

Sangrida, and *Hilda* see, *W*

Join the wayward work to aid:

'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,

Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,

Blade with clattering buckler meet,

Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)

Let us go, and let us fly.

Where our Friends the conflict share

Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,

Wading thro' th' enfanguin'd field :

Gondula, and Geira, spread

O'er the youthful King your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,

Ours to kill, and ours to spare :

Spite of danger he shall live.

(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert-beach

Pent within its bleak domain,

Soon their ample sway shall stretch

O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,

Gor'd with many a gaping wound;

Fate demands a nobler head;

Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,

Ne'er again his likeness see;

Long her strains in sorrow steep,

Strains of Immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,

Clouds of carnage blot the sun.

Sisters, weave the web of death;

Sisters, cease, the work is done.

84 THE FATAL SISTERS.

Hail the task, and hail the hands ! *ed. wood*

Songs of joy and triumph sing ! *new wood*

Joy to the victorious bands ; *obliged to*

Triumph to the younger King. *not 2*

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale, *14. 6. 11*

Learn the tenour of our song. *14. 6. 11*

Scotland, thro' each winding vale *not good*

Far and wide the notes prolong. *14. 6. 11*

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed : *14. 6. 11*

Each her thundering faulchion wield ; *14. 6. 11*

Each bestridè her sable steed. *14. 6. 11*

Hurry, hurry to the field. *14. 6. 11*

THE

THE
DESCENT of ODIN.

A N O D E,

(From the NORSE-TONGUE,)

IN

BARTHOLINUS, de causis contemnendæ mortis ;
HAFNIÆ, 1689, Quarto.

UPREIS ODINN ALLDA GAUTR, &c.





THE

DESCENT OF ODIN.

AND ODE.

Prose the King of Men with speed,
 And saddled strait his coal-black steed ;
 Down the yawning steep he rode,
 That leads to * HELA's drear abode,

* *Niflheimr*, the hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old-age, or by any other means than in battle : Over it presided HELA, the Goddess of Death.

Him the Dog of Darkness spied,

His shaggy throat he open'd wide,

While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,

Foam and human gore distill'd :

Hoarse he bays with hideous din,

Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;

And long pursues, with fruitless yell,

The Father of the powerful spell,

Onward still his way he takes,

(The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)

Till full before his fearless eyes

The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,

By the moss-grown pile he sate ;

Where

Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic Maid,
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the runic rhyme ;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the Dead ;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

PR. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb ?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night ?

Long

Long on these mould'ring bones have beat

The winter's snow; the summer's heat,

The drenching dews, and driving rain!

Let me, let me sleep again.

Who is he, with voice unblest,

That calls me from the bed of rest?

O. A Traveller, to thee unknown,

Is he that calls, a Warrior's Son.

Thou the deeds of light shalt know;

Tell me what is done below,

For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,

Drest for whom yon golden bed.

PR. Mantling

PR. Mantling in the goblet see

The pure bev'rage of the bee,

O'er it hangs the shield of gold,

'Tis the drink of *Balder* bold:

Balder's head to death is giv'n.

Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!

Unwilling I my lips unclose:

Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Once again my call obey.

Prophetess, arise, and say,

What dangers *Odin's* Child await,

Who the Author of his fate.

PR. In *Hoder's* hand the Heroe's doom:

His Brother sends him to the tomb.

Now my weary lips I close:

Leave me, leave me to repose,

O, Prophetess, my spell obey,

Once again arise, and say,

Who th' Avenger of his guilt,

By whom shall *Hoder's* blood be spilt.

PR. In the caverns of the west,

By *Odin's* fierce embrace comprest,

A wond'rous Boy shall *Rinda* bear,

Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,

Nor

Nor wash his visage in the stream,

Nor see the sun's departing beam;

Till he on *Hoder's* corse shall smile

Flaming on the fun'ral pile.

Now my weary lips I close:

Leave me, leave me to repose.

O. Yet a-while my call obey.

Prophetess, awake, and say,

What Virgins these, in speechless woe,

That bend to earth their solemn brow,

That their flaxen tresses tear,

And snowy veils, that float in air.

Tell

Tell me whence their sorrows rose :

Then I leave thee to repose.

Pr. Ha ! no Traveller art thou,

King of Men, I know thee now,

Mightiest of a mighty line —

O. No boding Maid of skill divine

Art thou, nor Prophetess of good ;

But mother of the giant-broad !

Pr. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,

That never shall Enquirer come

To

To break my iron-sleep again ;
Till ^t *Lok* has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right ;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

^t *Lok* is the Evil Being, who continues in chains till the *Twilight of the Gods* approaches, when he shall break his bonds ; the human race, the stars, and sun, shall disappear ; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies : even Odin himself and his kindred-deities shall perish. For a farther explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

What would you do if you had a T

Radio Michael von Dard and the 1947

THE BIRDS OF THE BAHAMAS

THE

TRIUMPHS of OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

FROM

Mr. EVANS's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry :
LONDON, 1764, Quarto.

H

У Н Т

И М О Г О С Н Ч М И Я Т



БИБЛІОТЕКА УНІВЕРСИТЕТУ
САНКТ-ПЕТЕРБУРГСЬКОГО

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

OWEN succeeded his Father GRIFFIN in the
Principality of NORTH-WALES, A. D. 1120.

This battle was fought near forty Years after-
wards.



THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.



THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.

THE

TRIUMPHS of OWEN.

A FRAGMENT.

O WEN's praise demands my song,

OWEN swift, and OWEN strong;

Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,

* Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.

* North-Wales.

He nor heaps his brooded stores,

Nor on all profusely pours ;

Lord of every regal art,

Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,

Squadrons three against him came ;

This the force of Eirin hiding,

Side by side as proudly riding,

On her shadow long and gay

* Lochlin plows the wat'ry way ;

* Denmark.

There

There the Norman fails afar,

Catch the winds, and join the war:

Black and huge along they sweep,

Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands,

* The Dragon-Son of Mona stands;

* The red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners,

In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,

High he rears his ruby crest.

There the thund'ring strokes begin,

There the pres\$, and there the din ;

Talymalfra's rocky shore

Echoing to the battle's roar.

Where his glowing eye-balls turn,

Thousand Banners round him burn.

Where he points his purple spear,

Hasty, hasty Rout is there,

Marking with indignant eye

Fear to stop, and shame to fly.

There

There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

* * * * *

ELEGY

102 A TRAGMINT

Two Georges, Teller, & Cie

George, and Son, New York

George, New York, to publish

103

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

УДК 33



СОЧИЕНИЯ-УДАРЫ



ELATION AND SADNESS IN THE ELEGY WRITTEN IN A

E L E G Y

WRITTEN IN A

C O U N T R Y C H U R C H - Y A R D.

THE CURFEW TOLLS¹ THE KNELL OF PARTING DAY,

THE CURFEW TOLLS¹ THE KNELL OF PARTING DAY,

The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,

The plowman homeward plods his weary way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

— squilla di lontano

Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Dante. Purgat. L. 8.

Now

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

And all the air a solemn stillness holds,

Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,

And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,

The moping owl does to the moon complain

Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,

Molest her ancient solitary reign,

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,

The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. 111

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn, ^{on} to I

The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed, ^T

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn, ^{to} M

No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. ^T

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, ^T

Or busy housewife ply her evening care; ^{is ill but}

No children run to lisp their sire's return, ^{is ill now}

Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share. ^{is ill} T

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, ^{is now} M

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke; ^M M

How jocund did they drive their team afield! ^{is now} W

How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke! ^W

Let

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,

Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,

The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,

And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Await alike th' inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,

If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,

Where thro' the long-drawn isle and fretted vault,

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise,

Can

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or Flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;

Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,

Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page

Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll;

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetnes on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone

Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,

To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,

Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride

With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,

Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Lest the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On

COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD. 44

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit shall inquire thy fate,

z Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, & due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.

Petrarch. Son. 169.

Haply

Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,

‘ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn

‘ Brushing with hasty steps the dews away

‘ To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

‘ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech

‘ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,

‘ His listless length at noon tide would he stretch,

‘ And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

‘ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,

‘ Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove,

‘ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,

‘ Or craz’d with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

‘ Once

- ‘ One morn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
- ‘ Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree,
- ‘ Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
- ‘ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;
- ‘ The next with dirges due in sad array
- ‘ Slow thro’ the church-way path we saw him born.
- ‘ Approach and read (for thou can’t read) the lay,
- ‘ Grav’d on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.’

The E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to fame unknown.

Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,

And Melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Larg

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(^a There they alike in trembling hope repose,) A
The bosom of his Father and his God.

^a — parentosa speme.

Petrarch. Son. 114.

4 DE60

THE



THE
C O N T E N T S.

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